



MEDICAL NEWS-PAPER;



THE DOCTOR

OR

AND

THE PHYSICIAN.

EDITED BY ELIAS SMITH, PHYSICIAN, No. 16, PRINCE STREET.

"The Lord hath created Medicines out of the Earth:—With such doth he heal Men, and taketh away their PAINS." ECCLES. XXXVIII. 4, 7.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1824.

No. 25.

Uncommon! Wonderful! Yet True!

"The whole number of students in Cambridge College the present year, is 282; in Yale College 349. At Cambridge there are, exclusive of the above, 30 theological, 12 law, 101 Medical, and 3 resident students. In Yale, 17 theological, 13 law, and 81 Medical students." *Boston Pat.*

The number of students in these two colleges is considerable. This is not so uncommon, as their studies. In former years, it was common to hear of great numbers preparing for the ministry, as it was then called. It was said by some one, that Cambridge College was a river, the streams whereof, (the young minister) made glad the city of God.

A town able to support two or three ministers, was divided into as many parishes, where a temple was erected, and a minister was called, to settle for life. These things are closing fast, and will finally end. Now this kind of business is poor, and there is but little to encourage a young man to enter into the ministry, as it respects money encouragement. People are now opposed to dead doctrine, or the doctrine of endless misery, and choose to hear of life and immortality brought to light through the gospel. Another kind of business calls the attention of the student—it is called *medical*. See the difference! 30 who study theology, 12 studying law, and the number studying medicine one hundred and one!!

What is the cause of this mighty change? The river Euphrates is drying up, which makes their fish to stink. The government which created and supported the clergy, (creatures of their own making) has failed. There is no such general government

here. Once, all were taxed to the clergy, whether they heard them or not; now it is not so. In Vermont and New Hampshire, things are turned upside down, or the right side up. There the state tax the clergy, instead of being taxed to them. Many of them are rich and involuntarily help support the government. This turns a dark side to the clergy. What is there now to encourage a young man to become a clergyman? Very many who have been settled are dismissed, and others are settled only by the year. Some societies are so reduced, that they are obliged to petition for an incorporation, being a minority in the town.

Almost every town is more or less troubled with sectarians, by the name of *Baptists*, *Methodists*, or the more odious name of *Universalists*. These are increasing continually. What can strike a greater damp on young men who are studying how to get a living without hard labor!!

The prospect as to medicine is very different from that of theology, as it is called. The doctors are a "PRIVILEGED CLASS," and the only one in this country. Once the clergyman read his prayers in latin or Greek, and had the scriptures in the same language. The common people were entirely ignorant of them, and took the clergyman's word for all. Now the scriptures are in the language the people speak, and they read and judge for themselves. But medicine is kept in a dead language; and it is curious to see an *American* with a prescription from an *American doctor*, going to an *American apothecary* for medicine, when perhaps not one of them could read a page in latin, if by that means their necks might be saved from the halter.

What is all this for? In this way the people are kept ignorant of the poisons directed by the doctor, and the doctor in this way keeps up his reputation, as a man of

great learning, for he is able to write so that but few can understand him. If the patient dies, the people do not know but the disease killed him.

This is not all, this privileged class have power (not a right) to make their own laws, set their own prices, and by law to drive the people to a compliance. They make a law that for a visit in the night, the man who sends for one must pay eight dollars, and three to come down into a room in his own house, and one dollar and fifty cents for every mile they travel from Boston. For performing the office of a midwife, fifteen dollars in the day time, and twenty at night. These are things to encourage one hundred and one to become doctors, where thirty are encouraged to become ministers!

Were magistrates and clergymen to have the same privilege which is allowed to the doctors, a republican government would here exist only in name. These few remarks are made to give my readers an opportunity to think upon a subject, which will be further illustrated hereafter.

Text.—Genesis, 19, 9.—*"And they said again, this one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge."*

These are the words of the men of Sodom to the angels, or messengers, who visited Lot. They told them that Lot came among them to stay a while, and intimated that he was not contented with a peaceable living among them, but wished to decide upon their conduct, or to alter the course of life they were pursuing. The amount appears to be this in their minds. A stranger, or one not of our class or order, has no right to inspect our conduct, or to blame us, though he may think we are wrong or

wicked. So long as we are easy, so long as those with whom we are connected, or over whom we rule, do not complain of our conduct, or charges against them for our services, a stranger ought to be still, and not interfere in matters in which we are interested, and which are greatly to our honor and profit.

At the first view of this subject, their plea appears very plausible; but not so in a general view of it.

This subject may be applied to politicians, religious reformers, and medical men. We shall at present apply it only to the last.

It is frequently said, "Why need you mention the regular practice of medicine, allowing it is not the best? Do the doctors hurt you or your family with their mercury and rats-bane? No, they do not. Are you at war with them? Do you wish to deprive them and their families of a living? By no means. Why then do you not remain in silence, as the people are contented to receive these things from them? I am not personally injured, and if it were so, I would bear it, if all others were benefitted; but this is not the case. I am not at war with any man, or class of men on earth.—"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, (said Paul) but against principalities and powers, and against spiritual wickedness in high places." I am not at war with men, but principles; not against good or bad men, but against bad things.

Supposing a wicked man was a minister, and supported by the town, who did not know his wickedness; supposing I knew his wickedness, and knew if it was known, the town would dismiss him; would it be best or right to have that man suffer for his wickedness, or the town? In this case I am confident from the writings of the doctors that their mode of practice in administering poison, is injurious to the community; and from that consideration, regarding the people, I am bound to testify against that which I view injurious generally. The high priest said it was better for one man to suffer, than that the whole nation perish. Lot had neither honor nor profit in what he did; but he had peace in his own mind, and was afterwards delivered, when his enemies were swept away with the besom of destruction.

There are many who prove beyond all contradiction that they do not like my manner of writing and administering medicine; let them as clearly prove this to be wrong, and injurious to the public, and I will cease to write and administer medicine from that moment. The objector says, "you are not worth noticing." Then why do you not prove it, by taking no notice of me. Why are you taking so much notice of that which you say does not deserve any atten-

tion? The objector says again,—"Your mode of practice will soon come to nothing." Then be easy, be still; look at it, until it is sunk out of your sight. If it is coming to nothing, why does it appear greater and greater in your sight? A few years ago, it looked to you like a grain of mustard seed;—now it appears a great mountain before you.

The fact is, the manner of attending the sick without poison, without taking blood, without bringing them to death's door, is noticed by the people now, more than it was before. Where there was one to receive it a few years ago, there is ten now. Every year the call for vegetable medicine increases, and every year the number is increased who are able to administer it successfully to the sick. Men of the first rate abilities are becoming more and more in favor with that medicine which the Lord has created out of the earth, and by which he heals men and takes away their pains.

"As for me it is a small thing to be judged of men, or of man's judgment; yea I judge not myself." Independence from all men in matters of government, medicine and religion, is my birth-right, received from my fathers, who fought that we might inherit this invaluable blessing, and hand it down to the generations yet to be born.

Dropsy in the Head.

This disorder is considered by the doctors incurable; that is, they do not know how to cure it. It may certainly be cured, if attended to in season. I have never found the disorder incurable, when duly attended to. It is more easily removed, than dropsy in other parts. It means simply water in the head; and is caused by want of heat to throw off the dead water in that part. In the first stage of the disease, the water, instead of being thrown off by insensible perspiration, drops down, and is called *catarrh*, which means water dropping down. When the head is so cold that the water does not drop down, it is called dropsy in the head or brain. When there is so much as to kill the roots of the nervous system in the brain, then it is called apoplexy, which in the greatest extent, is instant death.

Children are more subject to this disorder than adults, and on this account it is necessary to describe it, that parents may know when to apply for relief. The following description is given by a celebrated medical writer, and is correct:—

"This disease has at first the appearance of a slow fever; the patient complains of a pain in the crown of the head, or over his eyes; he shuns the light; is sick, and sometimes vomits; his pulse is

irregular and generally low. Though he seems heavy and dull, yet he does not sleep. He is sometimes delirious, and frequently sees objects double. Towards the end of this commonly fatal disease, the pulse becomes more frequent, the pupils are generally dilated, the cheeks flushed, the patient becomes comatose, and convulsions ensue."

Dr. Buchan, gives the following as the causes of dropsy in the head. "A dropsy of the brain may proceed from injuries done to the brain itself by falls, blows, or the like; it may also proceed from an original laxity or weakness of the brain; from scirrhus tumours or excrescences within the skull; a thin watery state of the blood; a diminished secretion of urine; a sudden check of perspiration; and lastly, from tedious and lingering diseases, which waste and consume the patient."

Parents who find in their children symptoms of dropsy in the head, ought instead of blistering, bleeding and physic, to apply in season for that which will remove the cause, restore the child to health, and to the parents as their comfort in trouble, and to fill the place which must otherwise be void, when they are no more on earth.

Galenic Medicine.

"That practice of medicine which conforms to the rules of Galen, and runs much upon multiplying herbs and roots in the same composition, though seldom torturing them any otherwise than by decoction. It is opposed to chemical medicine, which by force of fire, and a great deal of art, fetches out the virtues of bodies, chiefly mineral, into a small compass."

HOOPER.

In the above may be seen the difference between the medicine used by Galen, and that which is improperly called medicine in our day. Galen considered herbs and roots to be medicine; now minerals are called medicine. Galen taught to compound herbs and roots, though they might be bulky.—Modern medicine by art, is brought into a small compass, and but a few drops must be given at a time, as a larger quantity would bring on immediate death. Medicine opposite to what Galen used, is now reduced by art to so small a quantity, that a country doctor does not need a pair of saddle bags larger than two coat pockets, to carry medicine enough to kill or cure all he may be called to visit for a considerable time.—"This their way is their folly, yet their children approve their sayings like sheep." When one goes forward the others follow, whether into a pit or pasture.

Cure of Dysentery.

In the summer of 1824, this disease was very alarming in several of the country towns around Boston; particularly in Walpole, 20 miles south of Boston. One man lost all his children, three in number. He had a severe attack but recovered. His brother's child was taken sick and died in a few days. Soon after, the father and mother was seized with the same complaint; the father was violently seized, and sent for me in the night.

When I arrived at his house, he was very sick, in great pain, discharging often a considerable quantity of blood and corrupted matter. He said he believed he should die, for about all around had died, and he concluded it was not possible for him to escape. I told him if he would attend to my directions, he might recover.—He said he would. This was on Wednesday evening. I first cleared his bowels and then his stomach. He appeared more free from pain for a while. The discharge from his bowels continued, and the next morning his pain was about the same as the day before.

The morning after he was attended, his wife was very sick, and he wished me to attend her. This I did, and the next morning she was comfortable, and able to wait on him. He remained very sick through the day, with an high fever, and sat up but little. Friday morning I attended him again, which removed the cause.—Saturday, he walked about, and on Sunday they both rode several miles. Monday he was able to walk abroad, and in a few days was able to attend to his business, and they both enjoy good health as usual.

I do not recollect a single instance which has not been cured, in this complaint, where I have administered vegetable medicine.—This mode is an infallible cure, if applied in season.

EDITOR.

Nicholas Culpepper,

Was the son of a clergyman, in England, who put him apprentice to an apothecary; after serving his time, he settled in Spitalfield, London, about the year 1643. In the troubles prevailing at that period, he appears to have favoured the Puritans; but his decided warfare was with the college of physicians, whom he accuses of keeping the people in ignorance, like the popish clergy. He, therefore, published a translation of their dispensary, with practical remarks; also an Herbal, pointing out among other matters under what planet the plants should be gathered, and a directory to midwives, shewing the method of insuring an healthy progeny, &c. He died 1654.—

L. of C.

To this man we are indebted for a knowledge of many medicine plants.

Of the course of the Aliment and Fluids.

The aliment being received into the mouth, is there masticated, and impregnated with saliva, which is pressed out of the salivary glands by the motion of the jaw and the muscles that move it and the tongue. Then it descends through the pharynx into the stomach, where it is digested by the juices of the stomach (which are what is thrown out of the glands of its inmost coat, and saliva out of the mouth) and a moderate warmth and attrition. Then it is thrown through the pylorus or right orifice of the stomach into the duodenum, where it is mixed with bile from the gall bladder and liver, and the pancreatic juice from the pancreatic glands. These fluids serve farther to attenuate and dilute the digested aliment, and probably to make the fluid part separate better from the fæces. After this it is continually moved by the peristaltic motion of the guts, and the compression of the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, by which forces the fluid parts are pressed into the lacteals, and the gross parts through the guts to the anus.

The chyle, or thin and milky part of the aliment, being received into the lacteals from all the small guts, they carry it into the receptaculum chyli, and from thence the ductus thoracicus carries it into the left subclavian vein, where it mixes with the blood, and passes with it to the heart.

All the veins being emptied into two branches, viz. the ascending and descending cava, they empty into the auricle of the heart; the right auricle unloads into the right ventricle, which throws the blood through the pulmonary artery into the lungs; from the lungs the blood is brought by the pulmonary veins into the left auricle, and from that into the left ventricle, by which it is thrown into the aorta, and distributed through the body. From the extremities of the arteries arise the veins and lymphatics; the veins to collect the blood and bring it back to the heart; and the lymphatics to return the lymph, or thinner part of the blood, from the arteries to the veins and the vasa lactea, where it mixes with the chyle, and then passes with it into the left subclavian vein and to the heart.

All the fluids that pass into the stomach, and guts being carried into the blood vessels, the greatest part of them are separated and carried off by proper vessels, viz. urine from the kidneys, bile from the liver &c. and these juices carry along with them whatever might be injurious to the animal economy.

CHESELDON.

FROM THE NANTUCKET INQUIRER.

The Sick and the Dead.

A sick chamber while it affords the most extensive field for the active exercise of our best feelings, also demands a certain degree of judicious forbearance, which is seldom taken into consideration by those who have not the immediate care of the patient. It is too much the custom every where, and more particularly in villages and small towns, that, as soon as a case of sickness is reported, the multitude from all quarters—men, women, and children—near relatives, or distant neighbors, flock to the house of distress, with a greediness which death alone can scarcely satiate. Most of these idle inquirers are actuated by motives in which humanity bears but a small share. They burst into the house, and, if possible, into the very chamber of the sufferer;—crowd about the couch, gaping with useless curiosity; whisper ominous prognostications; intermeddle with attendants or the physicians; gather details enough for a gossiping bulletin; and then fly off with all imaginable celerity and gratification to tattle and retail the matter from house to house. Such practices are sufficient to convert a very slight illness into a confirmed fever—and to hurry the patient from a bed of sickness to an untimely grave.

The superintendence of the sick should be confided to as few attendants, and with as little alteration, as may be practicable. Some experienced friend, whose discretion and fortitude would not be weakened by undue tenderness or sudden depression, should be procured—no language, but that of hope and encouragement should be tolerated; and in some cases even very little of that—the suspicions of the sick should never be aroused by the repining groans, and long-winded sighs of simpering interlopers—in short, all who have no direct concern in the management of the invalid, should be entirely excluded. People who imagine themselves to be performing acts of disinterested benevolence by their frequent visits to the sick for the mere purpose of asking questions, may rest assured that they cannot perpetrate greater deeds of cruelty. They are like certain birds of prey which we have seen in South-Carolina, surrounding a famished and perishing horse, and attempting to pluck out his eyes before they are yet closed forever:

What sight can be more disheartening to a diseased person, than, when awakening from some hideous dream which usually accompanies bodily disorder, to behold a throng of dismal countenances filled with anxious depression and forboding the most fearful consequences? Do those who thus

perhaps heedlessly, sport with human infirmity, wish thereby to be recognized by the unfortunate object of their officious sympathy, as supereminently touched—as overflowing with the “milk of human kindness!”—or do they calculate, by enacting such lugubrious horrors to acquire a reputation for uncommon sensibility? We do not mean to assert that there is no such thing as natural grief, or fellow feelings; but the scene for the display of such affections is not a sick chamber. In some maladies, the imagination is excessively quick and apprehensive—from the indications of alarm or of pity which are manifested in his presence, or within his hearing, the sick man is apt to draw the most appalling and fatal conclusions;—despair, distraction and death may follow.

There is another practice of a similar nature; which, in a civilized community, deserves the highest reprobation. It is one which prevails too, we are sorry to confess, even among females. We allude to the habit of intruding, at every possible opportunity, upon the last solemn ceremony of respect to the dead! What are we to think of those, who, without any claim, either of kindred or of acquaintance, make a business of appearing at every funeral—thrusting themselves into the house of mourning to the exclusion of actually friends—pressing forward with the utmost *sang froid*, to view the cadaverous remains of the departed watching with eager solicitude every look and movement of the mourners—making observations on the arrangements, the dresses, the carriages, &c.—and thus collecting materials for tea-table discussion, and abundantly sufficient to serve until the next equally interesting occasion!

From a volume of Fables in Imitation of La Fontaine, lately published in England.

The Horse and the Wolf.

When Nature releas'd from the cold icy trammels,
Which winter had form'd, all her lustre renews,
When the gold of the cowslip each meadow enamels,
And the amethyst blends with soft emerald hues;

At this sprightly season of love and of joy,
A horse from his stable was sent by his master,
In freedom these holiday hours to employ,
And graze at his ease in a rich verdant pasture.

A wolf who was prowling in search of adventures,
The glossy, plump animal joyfully spies;
With caution the paddock's enclosure he enters,
In hopes of possessing so tempting a prize.

“Ah! wert thou, stout beast,” cries the thief,
“but a mutton—

In a moment that carcass I'd seize as my own;
As it is, some disguise I must artfully put on,
Before I can tear thy fat flesh from the bone.”

So gravely saluting, he questioned the Steed—

“Are you here, my fair Sir, for your health or your pleasure?”

From the symptoms I fear you're a great invalid,
For in health men allow their poor nags but small leisure.

“As a pupil of Galen accept my assistance;

By feeling your pulse I shall find what your state is:

I have travell'd thus far, from a very great distance,
To give the afflicted my best advice gratis.

“Very choice are the wise in selecting their food

For the plants that are noxious the functions disturb all,

As Solomon knew well the bad from the good,

I can point out each root in old Culpepper's herbal.”

The horse Isgrim's character knew by repute,

And plainly perceiv'd what the traitor design'd;

So he says, “Learned Doctor, my pains are acute,
An abscess is form'd in my off-foot behind.”

“A delicate part! quoth the Leech, ‘and indeed

In the choice of a surgeon 'tis well to be wary;

Allow me to touch it, and then I'll proceed

Like a perfect adept in the art verter'nary.

“But first of your pain let's examine the cause.”—

The horse launch'd his heels, and no kick could be kinder,

It crush'd to a mummy the hypocrite's jaws,
And dash'd from their sockets each hold and grinder.

“All this I deserve,” said the Wolf full of sadness:

“In the trade of a butcher I'd been quite at home, ah!

To change my profession was absolute madness—
Who dares kill a patient without a diploma!”

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